building blocks was a little, one-storied

office. It was flush with the sidewalk, and upon the large window was painted, in red letters.

MR. DICK ROGERS, CITY BILL POSTER.

"Mr. Dick Rogers" was himself seated behind the window, a big cigar in his mouth, his feet resting upon the confused mass of papers which littered his desk, and his eyes fixed intently

upon his morning newspaper.

From amid the stream of passing vehicles a handsome carriage drew up before the door. Mr. Rogers looked over the top of his paper and watched a gentleman step out upon the sidewalk, followed by a servant bearing in his arms a huge package. This the servant placed upon the table, and returned to the carriage.

"I have come once more to employ your services, you see, Mr. Rogers,' said the caller, in a quiet, dignified

"Just so," responded the bill poster, with a nod. "So another year is up, ch? Mercy me! how time flies. I'm gettin' to gauge time by your visits, Mr. Lawrence; you're as reg'lar as clockwork. Let me see-this is the sixth year, ain't it?"

"Yes, this is the sixth year. How many times more I shall be obliged to come to you God only knows. I think I should have already abandoned the attempt were it not for my poor wife's His voice trembled a little and he

turned a rather appealing and deprecatory glance upon the unmoved face of Mr. Rogers. "Never say die, sir," remarked the

bill poster, dheerfully. "I 'spose you'd like 'em out right away?" "If you please."

"Got a boy at liberty right now." He walked to a rear door, opened it partly

"Yep!" answered a clear voice. "Bag, bucket and brush!" roared Mr.

"Right ye are!" came the reply, seemingly from a distant apartment. Mr. Rogers closed the door and returned to his chair.

"Scroggs'll do the job beautiful," he "Are you sure he's reliable?" asked

Mr. Lawrence, anxiously. "I am almost afraid to trust this to a mere boy." "That's Scroggs' strong point-he's

reliable. Hain't been with me quite a year, but I'd trust him anywheres. Never neglects a likely place, an' never comes back till the last sheet is posted. That kid'll make a great man one o' these days. I shall always give him your job after this, for I know you'll like his work.' Mr. Lawrence sighed at this intima-

tion of the fruitlessness of his efforts, and the two men sat silently until the door was burst open and a boy of about ten years entered. He wore a bill poster's white jacket and trousers, very much spotted and soiled, a small cap was set far back upon his curly head, and in his hand he bore a canvas bag and a flat paste-bucket with a brush sticking out of the side. "Here y' are, Dick," he announced.

"Prompt as a biscuit, ain't he?" asked Mr. Rogers, casting an admiring look at his small assistant. "Now, Scroggs, this gentleman is very partic'lar about his work. They're quarter-sheets an' easy handled, an' they're to go in every likely spot you can find."

"Specials, eh?" said Scroggs, as he stooped over the package, cut the cord and began filling his canvas bag with

"Very special, my boy," said Mr. Lawrence, earnestly. "You'll not neglect the work, will you?"

Scroggs straightened up and regarded him with a look of pained surprise.

"D'ye know what they calls me, sir? Why, it's 'Scroggs, the Reliable!' I'm proud o' that. When I turns up my toes, sir, I'm a-goin' to have this out on my tombstone: 'Here lies Scroggs, who never missed a stick!' An' I neglec' your work, 'cause why? 'Cause it would spile the motter on the tombstone. Them air bills'll go up full count an' all right."

He slung the bag over his shoulder and the paste-pot upon his back. Then he bobbed his head at the two gentlemen and passed out the door.

"A strange boy," said Mr. Lawrence, musingly, "and very young for such work. Are not those bills and the paste too heavy for him?"

"Bless ye, no!" replied Mr. Rogers. "Scroggs likes pastin'. He stops so often, you see, he don't mind the weight, It were a lucky day for me when old Scroggs, the blind man, died, an' I got that boy. I'd noticed him leadin' that old man around as keerful as a kitten, an' I says to myself, a kid as'll take that pains with his old dad has good stuff in him-an' I were right. He's sharper'n chain lightnin' too."

Mr. Lawrence settled his bill and reentered his carriage. The bill poster relighted his cigar and watched tha quipage as it rolled away.

"That duck's on a reg'lar wild goose chase," he reflected, "but that's no business o' mine. I expect he'll be a reg'lar

customer for years to come." Meanwhile Scroggs pursued his way up one street and down another, leaving a trail of bills wherever he went. They were odd-looking bills, he noticed, with great black letters at the top and considerable descriptive matter at the bottom. Scroggs could not read: he merely knew when the letters

were right side up, but that was quite enough for his purpose. He was quick to see a conspicuous position where a bill could be noticed by the general public, and he never let a good space escape him. Here was one in especial, -the broad front of a deserted shop, where the remains of various old bills still fluttered. Scroggs posted three

the child's hand, led him up to his own bills in a row upon the front, and then private room. sat down to rest a minute and admire

"I must be sure I am right before speak to my wife," he thought; "disap-

curly hair, and then, holding the rosy face firmly between his two hands, he gazed upon it earnestly, studying every ine of the boy's expressive features. There was a world of yearning and tenderness in the father's face, and sud-

"Tell me about it," he said, gently.

"Twere all on account o' that name o' Trotty. When I lived in this house," he continued, his eyes roving familiarly around the room, "you used to give me a cane to ride on-a cane with a

the group, and soon there was quite a little crowd inspecting the posters. Scroggs smiled; it pleased him think his work was so effective.

"Five thousand dollars!" remarked a fat man to no one in particular; "that's a pretty stiff reward." There was no reply, and he passed on, his place being quickly filled by another. For the first time Scroggs began to wonder what the bills were about. Usually he was indifferent to the purport of his advertisements, but the remark of the fat man led him to suspect these bills were more important than usual. And the gentleman had

The group slowly melted away; only the boys remained, slowly spelling out the printed words. Scroggs looked at the boys critically, and decided he

might venture a question.
"What does it say?" he asked.
"Can't yer read?" demanded the biggest boy.

Scroggs shook his head. "Well, then, listen," said the boy, patronizingly, "an' I'll read it out for

He followed the lines with his finger and read aloud, slowly, and with some difficulty, as follows:

\$5,000 Reward! From his home, No. 2013 Wellington av renue, on June 2, 1890, Kenneth Keith Law-rence, familiarly called "Trotty." Age, four years and two months. Dark brown hair and cyes; large for his age; able to tell his name, but perhaps not his residence. Wore at the time of his disappearance a white dress with blue sash, blue flannel jacket and straw sailor hat. Was last seen upon the sidewalk in front of said residence listening to the music of a hand organ played by an old Italian. The above reward will be paid for information leading to the recovery of said Kenneth Keith Lawrence, and all prosecutions will

be waived.

JOHN KEITH LAWRENCE.

2013 Wellington Avenue.
Soptember 12, 1896. "There ye have it," continued the

reader, "an' I wish I was the kid. Folks as can pay \$5,000 reward must have money to burn, an' no mistake." Scroggs made no reply; with hands

thrust deep into his pockets he was staring blankly at the bills before him. The boys passed on, but still he stood thoughtfully regarding the printed announcement, and paying no heed, for once, to the fact that half his bills remained unposted.

Another little crowd collected about him; Seroggs retreated across the sidewalk, and sitting down upon his pastepot rested his head upon his hands and continued to think deeply.

"Another Charlie Ross Case," as saying in front of him. Scroggs suddenly arose and swung

his paste pot over his back. "I'll do it," he muttered, "no matter what comes of it. Why, it's the rummest go I ever heard tell of, an' I s'pose I might as well win that \$5,000 as any-

Down the street he marched, and be fore he had gone a block his face had lost its grave expression and he was again whistling merrily. It was a long walk to Wellington avenue; miles and miles it seemed to Scroggs, and after he had reached the avenue he found that he was still a long distance from No. 2013, and the further he walked the more imposing and grand were the residences that lined the street. Finally he paused before a large, handsome building, set well back in the midst of a carefully trimmed lawn, and stared thoughtfully over the iron gate. The

boy tried hard to decipher the bright brass figures upon the gate, but finally he nodded his head and muttered: "This is the place, all right; I'm sure

Carelessly shifting his bill bag to the other shoulder he opened the gate, walked resolutely up the broad walk fly, with no head nor heart. to the front door, and rang the bell.

opened the door looked at the miniature bill poster in amazement. "Mr. Lawrence in?" demanded

Scroggs, meeting the man's gaze smil-

ingly.
"Yes, he's in; but I don't think you

can see him." "Oh, yes I can," returned the boy

'You jest tell him I'm Scroggs, an' I've come to see him 'bout that kid." "What kid?"

"The kid as was lost."
"Come in," said the servant, with alacrity; that was the message he did not dare to ignore.

Scroggs entered and sat down in the big hall while the servant departed to speak to his master. The boy eyed the grand furniture with a perplexed air, and then, impelled by some recollection of what was fitting, removed his cap and thrust it into the pocket of his jacket. As he did so Mr. Lawrence entered and hurriedly approached him.

"You are the bill poster's boy," he said, after a start of recognition; "I-I thought it was some one else. What is it, my lad-is anything wrong about

the bills?" "Not as I knows of," replied Scroggs, looking up earnestly into Mr. Law-rence's face; "I thought I'd come an' tell you 'bout the kid-him as was lost, you know." Mr. Lawrence sank back into a chair

with a white face. "What do you know of him?" he

asked, in a quick, agitated voice. "I know everything," responded Scroggs, with a grin. "I'm the kid."

"You!" cried the man, springing to his feet; "impossible! What do you

"Now, don't you get excited," said Scroggs, coolly; "jest set down agin an' listen, an' I'll tell you all about it. You sce, I couldn't read the bill myself, not knowin' how, but I got another boy to read it, an' the minit he said 'Trotty I knew it was me. 'Cause why? Trotty's my name, sir. An' I allus knew I belonged to somebody, 'cause I never belonged to old Scroggs, but for the life o' me I couldn't remember who it

By this time Mr. Lawrence was trem bling violently and striving to penetrate the boy's dirt-begrimed face in earch of familiar features; and now, suddenly, the truth came to him in a mighty wave that swept away all

"Come with me," he cried, and, taking

pointment might kill her."

He carefully washed the grime from Scroggs' countenance, brushed back his denly he bent down and kissed Scroggs softly upon his forehead.

Scroggs appeared both bewildered and embarrassed at the warmth of his reception, and was at first at a loss how to begin; but after a moment's thought

bird's head on the end."

"Yes; an eagle's head!" interrupted

BY A LITTLE GIRL.

"Well, I rode that cane all over the house, upstairs an' down, an' so you an' the lady-was that my mamma?you an' she used to call me Trotty. course, you know, I can't 'member everything, for I must 'a' been a pretty small kid then; but when I heard that Flowers from the Wee Maiden Help bill read it seemed to bring back lots o' things as I'd forgot all about. I 'member one day a man comin' 'round with a music organ, an' I follered him, ridin' on my cane an' not noticin' where I was goin'. By 'n' by I got tired, an' it was gettin' dark, an' I cried for my mamma. An' then the grinder give me a ride on his organ, an' took me told him they were special-very spehome with him.

"Next day he promised to take me home, but he didn't do it. He took off my dress an' put some pants on me, which he said was more proper for a man; an' I thought so too. An' then we went way out into the country an' walked a good many days, and' he allus said he was tryin' to find my home. One day we come to a town where there was a blind man named Scroggs, an' the grinder sold the cane with the bird's head to the blind man. I cried when he took the cane away, an' after we had gone up the road a ways I turned an' ran back to the town. I 'xpected the grinder would chase me, but he didn't, an' when I got to the town I found the blind man a walkin' with my cane. He wouldn't give it up, but he said if I would come with him an' lead him back to the city he'd find my folks for me again. So I went with him, an' he was pretty good to me, was Scroggs. An' he said I got more pennies for him than he ever got before, an' that I'd better stay with him an'

see the world. "Well, after awhile we come back to the city, an' we've lived here ever since. I s'pose if Scroggs hadn't been blind be'd 'a' read your bills an' give me up, cause he liked money pretty well; but neither o' us knew as anybody was huntin' for me. 'Bout a year ago Scroggs died, an' I went to work for Dick Rogers, postin' bills. Everybody called me Scroggs an' thought I belonged to the blind man, but I allus membered as my name was Trotty, an' I've got the cane, sir, over to Dick

Rogers' place." Mr. Lawrence listened attentively to this story, which Trotty told very simply and carnestly. When it was ended he took the boy tenderly in his arms. "Thank God, my darling," he said, "that we have found you at last!"

A few minutes later, when Trotty ad shyly released himself from the embrace of his sobbing but delighted mother, who had recognized her boy at the first glance, he remarked, casually: "I s'pose there's no use postin' the

est o' them bills?" "No," said the father, with a smile, the bills have fulfilled their mission." "But the \$5,000 reward?" asked the oy, anxiously. "Why, really, Trotty," replied the hap-

py father, as he bent down and kissed the bright face, "I believe you've earned that reward yourself!" What Pleases a Woman.

It pleases her to call her a sensible little woman. It pleases her to be called a welldressed woman.

It pleases her to be told that she is ascinating. It pleases her to be told that she im-

roves a man by her companionship. It pleases her to depend on some man and pretend she is ruling him. It pleases her to be treated courteous ly and with respect and to be talked to

reasonably. It pleases her to be treated sensibly and honestly, to be considered and ques

It pleases her to be loved and admired and subdue her and make his way her way, to lead her and take care of her. -London Answers

HE KNEW HOW TIME FLEW.

Mere Boy on the Stand Oddly Beat the Legal Band. You can nearly always bet your money on a boy. Boys know some things better than even the angels. In an important lawsuit at Clay Center the other day a 12-year-old boy was on the stand and testified that he had spent just ten minutes in getting a bucket of water for his mother. The question of time was a vital one, and the opposing attorneys tried to rattle the boy. Finally one of them pulled out his watch and proposed to test whether or not the boy knew when ten minutes had elapsed. The opposing attorneys on the boy's side of the case strenuously objected to this test, for it is well known that nothing is harder than to sit still and gauge the passing of time. The judge ordered the test to be made, however, and after the courtroom clock had been stopped and every chance removed for the boy to play a sneak, the trial com-

menced. The stillness in the room became oppressive. Every watch was drawn, and the eyes of the multitude rested upon the youngster, who chewed gum, swung his foot against the round of his chair and gazed placidly out over the benches, as though the proceedings had mighty little interest for him. Two, four, six minutes passed, and still he made no

sign. Then the attorneys commenced to worry him. "Isn't time about up?" asked one of

them. "Nope," sententiously responded the boy, as he changed the cross in his knees. Seven and eight minutes passed. "Haven't you got that water pumped yet?" said the attorney in a tone which was intended to convey the belief that ten minutes had more than passed.

"Reckon not," again replied the boy, and his own attorneys began to chuckle. in battle. Nine minutes passed, and tick, tick, tick, went the seconds toward the tenminute mark, and up to exactly three seconds before the limit, when the boy drawled out: "I think I've got that water drawed."

The people burst into applause, and after the trial, when the boy was asked to explain how he hit off the time so correctly, he replied: "Oh, I just sorter knowed, that's all."-Kansas City Jour-

Butter That Sells Well. There is an immense amount of buter sold every year that would have been salable if properly made. Although farmers have made butter for centuries, yet at the present day there are many of them who cannot put a good article on the market even with modern appliances to assist them. The crematories produce better butter than farmers because of having skill and experience in the business. The farmer need have no fear of competition if he knows how to make butter of superior

An Astronomical Offer.

A German capitalist offers a reward of \$25,000 to any astronomer who will prove that the stars are composed of

The oyster is one of the strongest crea tures on earth. The force required to open an oyster is more than 900 times its

The Hearts of Criminals Touched

by Sweet Innocence. to Liberate a Young Negro Charged with Marder-A

Salutary Lesson At the close of business recently in the probate court, just as Judge Cox was about to leave the bench, a little tot of a girl stepped from her mother's side. and, raising herself on her tiny toes before the railing in front of the judge's chair, timidly inquired: "Please, judge, may I see the prisoners?"

"Certainly, my child," smilingly reoligd the judge, "but we have none in his court. Perhaps, though, Mr. Mo-Gill will take you to see them." "Oh, thank you, judge," the little one said, "for I do want to see the poor

prisoners so much." Mr. McGill led the child to the cage in the basement of the city hall build-ing, where prisoners are locked up while awaiting their appearance in the criminal court, and, as she peered through the bars at them, her little eyes filling with tears, she whispered to Mr. McGill: "Oh, isn't there something I can do for them, I feel so sorry for them?"

The child's words of sympathy and sorrow were the first many of the wretched beings had heard addressed to them for years, the first, perhaps, some hardened faces softened, not a few eyes moistened and more than one murmured: "God bless you, little one," as their little visitor followed her guide out of the gloomy prison walls.

One morning several days later there came in the register of wills' mail a box addressed in a chilidish hand. Opening it Mr. McGill found that it contained several bunches of fragrant arbutus. Among the flowers was a note from the little tot, asking him to distribute the flowers among the prisoners that day in the cage, with the injunction that he should give the largest bunch to the "baddest one." The cage was again crowded that day, several of the prisoners being those who were there the day the child called. After learning that the one charged with the gravest crime was a young negro man, brought up for trial that morning for murder, Mr. McGill distributed the flowers among the prisoners, giving the

alleged murderer the largest bunch. As he distributed them he explained to the prisoners by whom they had been sent, and that their little friend wished them to know that she felt sorry for them and hoped they would hereafter be good. Each prisoner carefully pinned his bunch of the sweet little flowers in the lapel of his coat, and as the one to be tried for his life was led upstairs to face the ordeal he remarked, gratefully: "Tell that little girl, mister, that I'm powerful glad to know dat I've got one friend left me. Gawd knows dat I isn't guilty, and I b'lieve dat He has done sent me dese flowers to tell me dat it's

all gwine to be right wid me." So it was that every prisoner who appeared that day in the two oriminal ourts were a bunch of arbutus, and as those who looked curiously at him accused him of killing his fellowman with remeditated malice saw the modest. fragrant flowers pinned upon his breast they concluded that they were hardly consistent with guilt. And they were not. For on the second day of the trial the jury in whose keeping the prisoner's life was declared, after a short deiberation, that he had taken life in defense of his own, and therefore they

equitted him. tle friend, telling her of all this, and a himself comfortably and presently day or two later another package came | went to sleep. Then he terrified me. He age contained a handsome copy of "the break out in a shout of laughter. He you touch him have things arranged so book of all books," and in the note she sang snatches of a love song, talked you can master him. Before trying to when he came handed it to him, explain- the sea and waked up shouting: 'Well ing that it had been sent to him by his bowled, Roddy, old man; well bowled." little friend, who wrote that she wished who had never before been charged terror, for he had no sooner pulled himwith crime, was very much touched, self together than he began a profuse and, after asking Mr. McGill to tell the apology, which succeeded in convincing child how much he appreciated her gifts | me that he was sane enough and altoto him, said it had all been a lesson to gether a gentleman. him said it had all been a lesson to him which he would strive to never forget, and he left promising that he would try to be at all times hereafter all that his little friend would have him .- Washing-

No Sympathy Needed. Hilow-Hello, Glim, how are you? 1 aven't seen you in six mouths.

Glim-First rate, thank you. How "Can't complain. How's Miss Dingbats? You were engaged to her when I left town, I remember."

"We are not engaged now." "Ah, sorry for that, old boy. What "No trouble. We merely got mar-

ried."-Harlem Life. Where Horses Are Valuable. Horses are valuable in Alaska. They are driven up over the divide from the Canadian plains, and then have to be transported eight to sixteen miles by The freight on them for this distance is 40 cents a pound, so that a 1,000-pound horse gets to be worth one dollar a pound by the time he nears a place where he can be of good serv-A good strong dog is valued at

\$75.-San Francisco Argonaut. A monument to Horses. Japanese officers who fought in the late war against China have petitioned their government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell

Fasting in Microbial Affections. Two French biologists claim that fasting lessens the effects of diphtheria and other microbial affections.

of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond filling, but it is not near as nice as the

because it cures, not once or twice or a Eagle. hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

HOUSEHOLD WISDOM.

bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her: "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust, and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the upcountry, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to." Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence: avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained and reexplained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents or your husband there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputahad heard since childhood, and their tion for keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

> right. There is a household fiend with memory for dates and details, who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went downtown on Monday at eight, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, this wasplike impersonation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday not Thursday which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, reflections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no riolation of truth being for an instant intended. A manifest bit of wisdom is to re-

frain from criticism of food. The sauce may not be quite piquant enough, the salad may be wilted, but in the name of decency say nothing about it in either

stance where a defect obtains in the To abstain from superfluous apologies s also the habit of discretion.

There should seldom be the occasion Home Journal.

AN UNUSUAL OCCASION.

He Was Never Again Known to Talk or Sing in His Sleep. of a railroad magnate, "it was in one of them that I had the greatest fright of my life. We were in London; mamma was sick, the maid had to be with her and I was left to my own devices. Being an American girl and an only daughter, I felt at liberty to do pretty much as I pleased, and one day decided on a

short run into the country. "In the same compartment with me was a rather handsome man of about 30. Of course Mr. McGill wrote to his lit- I scarcely noticed him till he settled requested him to hand it to the young about the loveliest girl in creation, de- ring him have him fast. A dehorning clared tragically that his heart was over "I was as sure that I was shut up with

him to read it that he might know God a lunatic as of my own existence. He and keep His commandments. The man, must have seen that I was in a state of

> knocked out for want of sleep, and that his mind must have gone wandering on regardless of his bodily fatigue. "But what puzzles me," she continued, more to herself than to her hearers, "is

those on this side of the big pond do not have a complete monopoly of Yankee

Vanity in Children. Mothers are often responsible for the vanity which they may deplore in their laughters. The atmosphere of the home is too largely one of millinery and mantua making. The dress of young tinual caution is necessary to prevent its injury, and play is robbed of spontancity and activity. A mother who had educated her children to all these punctilities of dress said: "I regret so much the exquisite wardrobe of my little children. I see now that it hurt their character." The dress of little girls should be as simple and substantial as that of boys. Everything which prevents activity and fosters vanity should be conscientiously avoided. Love of dress is also fostered by the passion for dolls, which is said to be inborn in every right-minded girl. Doll daying is really doll dressing. Every bit of gew-gaw is eagerly sought to bedeck this miniature travesty of a fine tey of the child mother. If doll playing is the legitimate occupation of girl-.ood, we ought to have dolls which do ot cultivate a taste for wasp waists and the trivialities of fashion .- N. Y.

Soft Orange Icing.

Among the late Leon Say's papers Hood's Pills billousness, 25 cents, ter to anyone and never wore any of the decorations.



PLAN FOR A BARN.

and Convenient Structure for a Small Farmer. In the building of a barn, as in the building of a dwelling, the farmer should seek to secure the greatest amount of comfort, convenience and durability for the money invested. In the plan herewith presented we have a cheap but convenient barn for a



PLAN OF A SMALL BARN.

small farmer. The barn proper is 22x42 feet and should be 20 feet to the eaves. There is a good grain bay 14x32 for the grain in the sheaf. A threshing floor 14x32 with two decks overhead each 10x14. On one of these decks, out of the way of the other things, should be the ont and bran bins, with spouts leading down to the small feeding boxes just in front of the mangers. Thus the feed is always convenient to get at, yet the bulk of it is not in the way. It is an easy matter to fill these bins by means of a rope and pulleys. There is room for three horses and five cows.

At the end of the barn may be built wagon shed, with hog pens, sheep stables, or calf stables, with storage room above for corn, hay, etc. This barn ought to be built complete for \$300 to \$500 with a plank frame, the cost depending upon wages and price of materials, as well as upon the style of finish .- John L. Shawver, in National Stockman.

RINGING THE BULL.

Talk in a Natural Voice and Avoid
All Excitement. As with other work, there is a right your voice down and talk naturally. Plan so as to work quietly. Loud talk and big jumps excite the animal, and excitement is what should be avoided. Impress him with the idea that you are able to handle him with ease, and to so impress him you must be prepared to handle him with ease. The bull is a brute and a cunning one. He delights in "bullying;" in frightening dogs, women, children, nervous men-anything and everything he can-but he is cunning enough to look as meek and harmless as a kitten when it suits his whim to don his garb of meekness. But on't let him fool you, and whenever

shall we whip

condition is soon the worse for it. Better stop and feed him. Food gives which will build up the tissues and supply force ? to the muscular, digestive and nervous systems

Hypophosphites, meets every demand. cod-liver oil is a food. It produces force without the whip. Every gain is a substantial one. The hypophosphites give strength to the nervous system. An improved appetite, richer blood and better flesh come to stay.

indorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uni-form—always contains the pur-est Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

> Tust as Good is not SCOTT'S EMULSION.

## A JOYFUL MOTHER!

## Mrs. Pinkham's Words of Encouragement to the Unhappy.

In the Light of Modern Science no Woman Need Despair.

There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condi-

Care and tonic treatment of the female organs relieve more cases of supposed incurable barrenness than any other known method. This is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has affected so many cures; its tonic properties are directed especially to the nerves which sup-

ply the uterine system. Among other

causes for sterility or barren-

ness are displacements of the

womb. These displacements are caused by lack of strength in the ligaments supporting the womb and the ovaries; restore A these, and the difficulty ceases. Here, again, the Vegetable Compound works wonders. See Mrs. Lytle's letter, which follows in this column. Go to the root of the matter, restore the strength of the nerves and the tone of the parts, and nature will do the rest. Nature has no better ally

than this Compound, made of her own healing and restoring herbs. Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. The woman whose letter is here published certainly thinks so:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhoa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had. It has stopped my pains and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I he rtily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."-MRS. LUCY LYTLE, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J.

way and a wrong way to do this job. the partition of the nose with a firm Avoid all bluster and excitement. Keep hand. It is easily done and causes litneed. Clean this out every day and see that a fresh, sweet supply is given to tle pain. As the file is withdrawn, folthem. While being fed on straw, hay low it with the open end of the ring, and corn stalks should be kept away from them. These should be alternated close the ring and put in the screw twice a week. Horses when not at work and the job is done.-Western Plowwill thrive on this feed, and also beef cattle two years of age and upward.

COLTS ON THE FARM. How to Make Them Profitable in More Ways Than One.

and if there is anywhere that they can

be raised profitably it is on the farm

where the mares can be used to an ad-

vantage in doing the work and the colts

may be used sufficiently to pay for their

FARROWING PENS.

This Kind May Be Readily Moved

The simplest is the best. This en-

graving represents a portable or mov-

ing pig shed for two sows. It is eight

feet wide from A to D; fourteen feet

long from A to B; four feet high on

back (D E), and six feet high in front

(B C). The two farrowing pens

are cut off, one on each end, by

SIMPLE FARROWING PEN.

stove and for herdsmen. The front

roof (C F) is of sash, two feet

wide and the length of the building.

This affords abundant sunlight. In

summer the sash should be covered for

protection and to prevent superheating

of pens. This style of pen, if well

framed and strongly built, may be read-

ly moved from place to place, and is

about the simplest and best pig shed that can be made.—Journal of Agricul-

Feeding Straw to Stock.

The experience of E. P. Smith is that

n feeding straw it is essential that the

grain dlet should be increased a little, and that the two should be so mixed

that both will be relished. Very few an-

imals will eat much clean straw. They

three-foot space in middle for

keep as soon as they are old enough.

will need more hay and stalks .- Western Plowman. So long as teams are necessary on the To Be Used with Care. form to do the work, with proper man-Unground cotton seed is a good agement the raising of good colts can food, but should be used with some care. be made to some extent at least prof-It is rarely safe to feed it to hogs, especially to pigs; it often causes trouble itable. A good team or teams of brood mares can do nearly or quite as much when fed to calves or other young stock. The seed has a large percentage of oil, craska Farmer, and if kept in a good and also of nitrogenous or flesh formcondition and properly bred to a good ing matter. Generally it will be found rire will bring a good colt. Outside advisable to mix the seed with grain or of the cost of service it will cost pracother food rather than to feed it alone, tically nothing to raise until it is ready although this is often done. The lint to wean. Then after it is 21/2 years old, left on the seed may be considered obif proper care has been taken in trainjectionable, but it very rarely causes ing, it will be able to do sufficient work trouble except with hogs. Certainly to pay for keep until matured. So that the seed should not be allowed to go to under average conditions the cost of waste.-Rural World. service and of feeding for two years To Purify the Air. will make the cost of the colt. We are It is thought by many that the time driving a team of good young horses, one three and the other four years old, is not far distant when fog and the smoke in the atmosphere of large cities that were raised in this way, and they will be dissipated by electricity. Already a patent has been taken out in are able to do a very large amount of work. And anything like a fair colt will Germany for an apparatus for smoke sell for double the cost of the feed for prevention by means of wires stretched two years. By the time one team of inside a flue or chimney and rendered colts has matured sufficiently to be incandescent by an electric current. ready to sell another younger team This simple method will consume the can be ready to do the work. Of course blackest smoke, but at present it is good mares should be kept, and they much too expensive for practical use. should be bred to a good horse. It is hardly advisable to keep and breed a plug mare, and especially if she is bred

Central @ Hotel, to a scrub horse. A colt from a mating of this kind would hardly sell at a profitable price, and there is no good (Near Courthouse Square) reason for raising a colt of this sort.

Milch cows and young growing animals

Average good mares can be secured so TAZEWELL, - VIRGINIA. cheaply that it is economy to have good mares and breed to good sires, using SURFACE & WHITE, - - Proprietors. all reasonable care to raise good colts,

> DR. M. B. CROCKETT, Physician and Surgeon Has located at Liberty Hill (Knob), Va

at which place he can be found at al

times except when absent on professional

Everybody Says So.

Livery Stable attached. Good Sample Rooms. Table fare the best. Nice Bed-

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most won-

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most won-derful medical discovery of the age, pleas-ant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels-cleansing the entire system, dispet colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constitution and bilionsness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists. Alice Johnson is prepared for cleaning and dyeing all kinds of ladies and gentle men's garments. You will find her shop in the Belew property, Main Street, Taze-

well, Va. Satisfaction guaranteed.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, he mag-netic, full of life, norve and vigor, take No-To-Bad, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Bou't Tobacco Suit and Smoke Your Life Away.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forevet. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C, fall, druggists refund money.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak nen strong, blood pure. 59c, \$1. All druggists.

Wanted-An Idea who can the of some simulation of thing to pate Protect your ideas; they may br Write HOHN WEDDERBURN & C neys, Washington, D. C., for their and new list of one thousand inven

proviso, "unless I have sick headache." Now Deane's

my health is excellent, and all from the use of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Dyspepsia W. H. Beveridge, one of Richmond, Va.'s, prom-

"They're all 'zactly straight," he mur-

mured, complacently, "an' jest the right

Two men, passing by, stopped and

read the bills curiously. Then a wom-

an paused to read, and another man,

and still another. Several boys joined

Sick Headache.

"I regard your pills as a godsend to me. . . . I

distance apart."

inent lawyers. Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills are a sure cure for aick headache and indigestion. Why not try
them? At druggists', 35c, and 5oc.
White wrapper if constipated, yellow if bowels are loose
DR. J. A. DEAME CO., Kingston, N. Y.

It Consists in Avoiding the Small A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman -a woman who had rounded the full term of 90 years, and with eyes still

Again, don't be forever setting people

Silence is golden in nearly every in-

for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.-Woman's

"Speaking of riding in those English railroad coaches," said the present wife

chute is a good thing for holding him, but a post or manger, with a chance to tie to a timber well in front, will answer. Tie high and short. Have ready a three-cornered file with the point and edges ground sharp. Thrust it through

"He informed me that he was a bit

that I have never known him to talk in his sleep since." Then her husband laughed a great hearty English laugh, and declared that

tricks.-Detroit Free Press. children is often so exquisite that conlady. The doll mother is but a proph-

Ledger. Put one cupful of sifted powder sugar n a small saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls orange juice, stir over the are till lukewarm, then pour it over the cake. You can use this icing for following filling: Orange filling-Put the yolks of three eggs in a small saucepan, add one teaspoonful of but-ter, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and half a cupful of orange juice; set the saucepan in a vossel of boiling water over the fire, stir until the contents thicken; remove and when cold add saparilla. We know it possesses merit half a cupful of sugar. — Brooklyn

were found five decrees dated on the same day, signed by President Grevy and countersigned by all the proper officials, appointing him to all the grades of the Legion of Honor, including the Grand Cross. Grevy went out of office without making the appointments public in the Journal Officiel, Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. and Leon Say never mentioned the mata poorly nourished horse when he is thoroughly tired? He may go faster for a few rods, but his

force. If you are thin, without appetite; pale, because of thin blood; easily exhausted; why further weaken the body by using tonics? Begin on a more permanent basis. Take something

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been

Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby. All druggists.

prefer hay. Cut the stra w fine with hay cutter, moisten it a l'attle and mix the grain with it. Bran oats and oil meal are the best for ther hixture. Feed this to them regularly, and keep tall the fresh, loose straw before them they